



What darkness Sounds Like



227 16 25

Chapter 1 by Natalya Nugent

I moved down the hall curiously. A noise had woken me. I leaned over the banister. My eyes were heavy and the darkness seemed to be darker than usual. My hands shook and goosebumps trail up my spine. Then I heard it again. A screeching noise like nails on chalk board but it was louder. I shuddered and I crouched down and put my hand on the cool wall to stable myself.

Chapter 2 by Sathya Sundaram



Clearly watching X-Files tonight had been a bad idea. I'm usually a sound sleeper. I muse at the word play - sound sleeper doesn't hear any sounds. Back to reality now. My scientific curiosity is aroused: what could cause so shrill a noise? The frequency was way beyond creaking sounds and yet it sounded dampened. Or even muffled. Right now it is so calm that I can hear my heart thumping. Interestingly that's another sound one usually hears only in the dark.

I wonder if I should end the darkness right away. I'm not sure. If there is indeed something causing the noise, light might scare me more than the creator of this noise. No darkness must prevail.

Chapter 3 by

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THERE IT IS AGAIN! The noise can be both loud and muffled. My heart is beating. It wishes to abandon me. I swallow a lump of fear and begin to walk down the long hallway that

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the ear splitting sound had erupted from. I tip tow slowly down the hall and the shriek crept up from behind melting what little pigment my skin could muster away then again the scream arouse down the hall, only this time it was closer. I took off running in the opposite direction only to be confronted by a louder shriek in the direction of my panicked feet. screams from every direction, invading my thoughts, piercing my heart, and tickling my fears until I to sang along to there distorted lullaby.

Chapter 4 by Lumpatronics



I felt the screams, I could feel panic pushing its cold tendrils into my brain. I fell to my knees, hands crushed against my ears, trying to block out the screams but instead they grew louder and louder. Just as I was about to loose myself to the cacophony of shrieks...

Silence.

Silence just as jarring as the sound. All there was, was a slight ringing in my ears and the sound of my own labored breathing. I slowly released my head from the death grip I had it in, and just as slowly looked up.

Chapter 5 by Jeffrey Alexander Tetlow



The face peered down at me from it's perch above me. A twisted mask of anger and hunger, with bone-white skin that seemed to glow in the soundless darkness that swirled around me.

The creature's eyes seemed to swallow in even the darkness around us, and left me rooted to my spot, petrified in place as the creature slowly lowered itself down towards me.

Chapter 6 by Fire Words



I stumbled backwards, but fear is blinding.

I didn't see where I'm going until it's too late.

Until then the thing was still in front of me. I know it was. I'm not crazy. Its hands were stretching out towards my neck, where my sweat had made it sticky and cold.

I've never felt colder than now.

But I didn't see I only looked for
worse.

I should have glanced behind

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Because when my feet betrayed me and the creature lunged at me I felt nothing. My hands that had stuck out in front of my face dissipated its form.

An illusion.

It was dark again. I waited, then exhaled tearfully.

The air was choked out of me as my head twisted at a sharp angle to face.

To face it.

It forced me to look at it horrified as its skin melted off.

It was me.

The familiar dark eyes and the wild hair. The expression on my face so painful and chilling.

I felt scared of myself.

Chapter 7 by Alexis Donovan



I felt like I was going crazy, "Will someone please help!, what is going on?"

Chapter 8 by Fire Words



I would rather go crazy.

Anytime. Anything to get help.

"Please help me! I'll do anything! Please!" I gasped as my sobs stuck in my throat. "Don't let him get me!"

I clawed at the endless darkness, desperate for something to hang onto. The face was burned at the back of my retinas.

Mine.

So distorted.

So horrible.

I didn't want to see it anymore. I raised my arms to get my eyes to stop seeing it, but they were trapped now.

My body was useless to me now.

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Then he came back. His right was not living. It hurt my eyes.

The fear gave me no advice.

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My heart started to hurt and I sucked in a huge breath as I felt the hacking coughs coming.

"No no NO NO! WHO ARE YOU! WHO ARE YOU!" I yelled, screaming so hard I tasted blood in my mouth.

"Let us be free. Brother."

He was there, forcing his arms around me.

"NO, DON'T COME NEAR ME!" The restraints were too strong. I tried to run but my legs were frozen.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE FREE!" I sobbed as he crushed me in his vice-like grip.

"...Please." I whispered as my heart started to race. It felt like a train going off the rails.

And when it stopped,

The darkness welcomed me.

It sounded like me. The darkness sounded like me.

*

"Patient 56 has gone into cardiac arrest."

Dr Frederick Jones ran his fingers through his hair, feeling stressed. He strode to Room 19 where doctors and nurses were rushing in with a defibrillator.

Patient 56. The young man with untidy hair and the unsettling eyes that looked past everyone. Everyday he tried to claw his nails down face and drag out his eyes like he had attempted to the first time. His body always shook and he always sobbed as he fought against his straightjacket's restraints. He cried for help.

Patient 56 was a complex case- and the overexertion on his heart and the untamable blood pressure (which strangely never lowered no matter the medication) had maybe done it this time.

Hallucinations, vivid delusions. Patient 56 was schizophrenic. Very acutely so.

Dr Jones could remember when the patient had been brought in very clearly.

He had been carried in someone's arms. Strangely, the person was a carbon copy of the patient, with a strange smile.

Jones would never forget the smile

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As he walked in the patient's dark, deserted of people and that a white sheet had been put over his face. As he sat down on the chair at the side. How did

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A few minutes later as he got ready to leave after his contemplation, he felt a cold hand on his wrist holding him back.

"Let me show you what darkness sounds like."

He couldn't even open his mouth to scream.

the end

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